THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE MODEL VERB.

It strikes me rather singular
That when a chap resolves
Some foreign language to acquire
This curious fact evolves—
Beneath the head "Verbs, regular"
So often do we find
The verb "to love" is shown in full
To represent the kind.

But yet, of course, it's "regular"
In every blessed tongue—
It's pretty regular, I vow,
The folk of earth among.
Hence, strange if such a perfect thing
Were not upon the page
Of grammar placed, for scrutiny,
By each linguistic sage.

So, growl the cynic as he may,
Or scoff the careless youth,
He soon or late must come to know
This never absent truth:
'Tis necessary that he learn
The past and present of
That fascinating, wonderful
Verb, "regular"—"to love."
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

An Ultimatum.

"AND we won't even finish our new castle now, Maysie," said Teddie, dolefully.

"I call it a mean shame!" cried Maysie. "Must you go, Teddie? Did your mamma say you were just obliged to?"

Teddy nodded, and his blue eyes were wistful. "Just obliged to. You see, Maysie, we are poor. It is because papa died, mamma says, and that is why we have to do without a great many things that we want. Mamma was so sick this summer that Dr. James said she must come to the seashore to get well. And so we came. And now we haven't any more money, and so we are just obliged to go back."

Maysie tossed up her head. "Well, I just wouldn't. Why don't you stamp your feet and scream? That's the way I do when I want anything, and Sally nearly always lets me have it."

There was a little silence. Teddie sighed wistfully, and Maysie sat with her chin in her little brown hand and her dark eyes fixed thoughtfully on the sea. She was thinking hard. Suddenly she sat upright and her cheeks flamed excitedly. "I'll just tell you what, Teddie," she cried. "I've thought of a splendid plan. You haven't any papa, and I haven't any mamma. Now, my papa is rich, you know—ever so rich—and he can do anything he likes. I'll just ask him to adopt you and your mamma. Then you will be my brother, you know, and we will each have a mamma and a papa."

Here Maysie was struck by a possible

"ARE MAMMAS NICE?" SHE ASKED.

flaw in her splendid plan. "Are mammas nice?" she asked, doubtfully.

But Teddie dispelled her fears instantly.

"'Deed they are," he cried enthusiastically. "They are just as nice as nice! Why, Maysie, you would just love my mamma. She is so pretty and she can sing as soft and sweet as birds, and can tell such beautiful stories all about fairies and things."

"Can she?" Maysie's eyes sparkled. "Why, that is splendid. And then we can stay here and finish our beautiful castle." "I will not have to go home then," said Teddie. "Maysie, you do think of splendid things. You thought of the castle and the sand cave and everything."

Teddy gazed at her admiringly.

"O, that's nothing," she said, with fine indifference. "I always think of things. Now I'll go and ask papa."

"All right," said Teddie. "And I won't tell mamma till you come, so we can s'prise her. I'll go home now. Good-by, Maysie."

"Good-by."

Maysie sped across the sands, and said to herself, a la Sally: "My lucky stars," when she saw her papa coming toward her along the shore, a big brown-bearded man with merry eyes.

"Hello, Puss, what is the news? You look important," he said, tumbling her curls over her head.

"Well, I guess it is important," cried Maysie. "I have just settled about having a brother and a mamma. Such a nice boy, and I know his mamma is nice, too. You won't mind having a little boy, will you, papa?

"You see," went on Maysie, "the little boy's name is Teddie, and I've played with him every day since we came. We are building a beautiful castle now, such a grand one, with rooms and rooms, but if Teddie goes away we can't ever finish it. They are so poor, you know, papa, that they can't stay here any longer. And I told him that I would just ask you to adopt him and his mamma. We are rich, aren't we, papa? And there's lots of room in our house. And you know, papa, you often say if only I had a mother to manage me. And sometimes I get so lonely without anyone to play with. Teddy is lonely, too, and when he goes home he won't have anything to eat but bread—just only bread, papa."

"Dear me!" said her papa. "Where did you pick up this little ragamuffin, Maysie?"

"Why, papa," cried Maysie, indignantly. "He isn't a ragamuffin at all! Sally says he is more ladylike than I am. But I can run faster than he can, and he was afraid of the water at first!" Maysie sniffed contemptuously, and her father laughed outright. Maysie considered this a good sign, and she took his hand coaxingly. "Papa, how would you like to sleep in a bed with the rain all leaking down on it, and only bread to eat? Teddie's mamma cries about it. And you don't want your little girl to be lonesome, do you?"

"You sly little witch," cried this good-natured father. "But would nothing less than adoption suit your highness? It would give me a great deal of trouble, you know, even with my limitless wealth. Now, suppose you and I buy Teddie something nice and see what we can do for his mamma. Won't that do?"

"O, no, no, that won't do at all. I want them to live with us, and stay with us always. Now, papa, do say yes."

"But, my dear little girl, that cannot be done. Don't you know that it is as much as I can do to manage you, without having another youngster on my hands? However, we will go and see them and then decide what is to be done."

Wise little Maysie said no more. She felt sure that when her papa saw Teddie's soft, fair curls and Teddie's pretty mamma he would succumb at once.

When they reached the tiny cottage he was a little surprised, and thinking that Teddie's mother was perhaps a servant here, was about to go to the side door. But Maysie declared that they lived here, and knocked calmly at the front door. It was opened by Teddie himself, at sight of whom—for the little boy bowed with the prettiest manner in the world—Mr. Garland was still more astonished.

"This is Teddie, papa," said Maysie. "And this is Teddie's mamma." Upon which the little people withdrew to the front door to discuss matters of importance, including the rapidly progressing castle and the latest news from the bedside of a sick kitten. Maysie had decided that they could safely leave their parents to get acquainted.

A fair-haired little woman, gowned in black, rose to meet Mr. Garland, and for a moment both gazed at each other in mute wonder. Then he took a step forward.

"Kathleen!" he cried.

She held out her hand, and then smiled sadly. "Yes, it is I. Have I changed so much? You have not changed at all, Jack. You look just the same."

"You have changed. But to find you here! You have been ill! Kathleen, what is this I hear about your troubles?"

The childish voice seemed to ring in his ears again; "Teddie's mamma cries about it," and suddenly he bent over her and took her hand in his strong tender grasp.

This brave little woman had battled with the world in silence, but now at the first touch of sympathy she gave way, a sob rose in her throat, two tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and in a moment her head was on his arm.

"Kathleen, my Kathleen," he whispered, passionately. "Let us forget our foolish quarrel. I know you loved me in the old days, and I have loved you always. Let us begin over again. We are older and wiser; we will not let our youthful folly stand between us. You will not throw away your happiness and mine?"

The children returned some time later. Mr. Garland lifted the blue-eyed boy in his arms and led Maysie to the sofa.

"There, dear," he said, "kiss your mamma. It is all settled. I have adopted both of them."

"Oh, I knew you would," said matter-of-fact Maysie. "And now, Teddie we'll go and finish the castle."—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted: A Holograph Will.

A Canadian barrister is responsible for the following: One day a farmer came into his office, and requested that a holograph will should be prepared for his signature. The lawyer began at once to explain terms, but the tiller of the prairie, who prided himself not a little upon his legal knowledge, only grew angry. "I want a holograph will," he declared; "and I'm going to have it," he added, in parenthesis. When the impossibility of his request was still pointed out he angrily stumped from the office, shouting out: "Hang it! If I can't have a holograph will, I'll blamed well die intestine." Almost as funny was the tradesman who had recently been left some land. He came to the lawyer with instructions for a deed of transfer to be prepared in favor of himself. On being asked his reasons, he gave them thus: "Don't feel sort of comfortable about that bit of country. I know how particular you lawyer gents are, and I thought, maybe, that if I signed a deed making over the property to myself no one would be able to touch it." When his application was refused, he went away in a rage, and subsequently tried to bring an action against the lawyer, who, he imagined, was trying to defraud him.—Cornhill Magazine.

Not Used to Dusky Members.

A negro, dark as ebony, and rejoicing in the name of York Crockett, was brought up in custody at Gainsborough petty sessions on a double charge of assault. The prisoner elected to give evidence on his own behalf. The chairman, W. Embleton Fox, looking up and seeing a black hand stretched out to the Testament, promptly exclaimed: "Take off your glove." "That's his hand," remarked the clerk. The chairman bowed his head over his desk, and the court roared.—Birmingham (England) Post.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Various Items That Now Go to Make Up the Stylish Lady's Costume.

Chiffon boas edged with baby ribbon vie with feather boas for favor.

Cascade bows drooping as low as the waist are fastened with a brooch.

The Dewey flounce on tea gowns and wrappers is one of the newest frills of fashion.

Fancy feathers in polka dot and chenille dot effects are very stylish in national blue, the new poppy reds, and in brown.

Corsets now have straight fronts as low busted as possible and are long over hips, with more than the usual curving in at the waist.

The new silk petticoat must be fitted as carefully as the skirt which covers it, and should be made long, and quite plain about the hips.

Black and blue Tuxedo veiling comes in plain and fancy mesh, and there are veils with dots of many sizes.

Hat pins are headed by artistic designs of flowers and insects in mock crystals; and large irregular pearls, black or white, in old settings.

Long chains, whose fashionable pendants for evening wear are of the renaissance style, have pear-shaped pearls as pendants.

Red in the new shade, which has a very pinky tinge, is very much the fashion. It is something between a scarlet and a crimson, and cloth gowns in this tint, with plain stitching or trimming, are very swell.

Even trim Miss Tailor-Made is not proof against the strings of coral that have made their appearance again. She wears a string on the outside of her well-fitting collar. Those of pink coral are most favored.

Crystal buttons, sometimes unmounted and sometimes in narrow silver rims trim some of the most stylish of the black cloth costumes. These buttons trim the skirt as well as the coat, and are especially used in ornamenting the skirt where it opens at the left side.—N. Y. Sun

APPLE MERINGUE.

This Is an Inexpensive Dessert That Is Good Any Season of the Year.

This is a delicious and inexpensive dessert. Simmer until tender six firm, tart apples which have been cored and peeled. Put them in a porcelain-lined saucepan with a sirup made of half a cupful of water and half a cupful of sugar. Cover them closely and let them cook on the top of the stove or in the oven. Remove the cover in either case two or three times to baste the top of the apples with the sirup in which they are cooking. They should be tender enough to be easily pierced with a straw. Lift them up one by one on a plate and set them away to cool. While they are cooking boil down the peelings and cores of the apples in water with half a dozen other apples cut in bits without removing the peeling and cores. Strain the juice of the apples after they are boiled tender, pressing it through a bag. Boil it down 20 minutes, add a cupful of sugar for every cupful of juice, and boil it to a jelly. After filling the cores of the apples with this jelly and glazing them with it let them cool again, when the jelly should be firm. They are very nice for supper, as they are served with whipped cream. They may be made into meringue by covering them with a meringue made of the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Let the meringue that covers the apples also cover the edge of the plate they rest on. Set the plate also on a block of wood. Dredge the meringue over the apples thickly with powdered sugar, and let it brown delicately for ten minutes. If this work is properly done the jelly in the apples will not be melted. The plate should be very thoroughly covered with the meringue.—N. Y. Tribune.

Crusade Against Cradles.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world" was a very pretty sentiment in its day. Even now orators who are not quite up to date on the ethics of "child culture" do a little soaring along this line. They don't know that well-regulated mothers have started a crusade against cradle rocking, and that there is a stigma on the hand which persists in jogging the baby. Apparently the electricians did not know this, either, for they have invented a cradle which can be rocked by electricity. All the fond mother has to do is to put the pug in the switchboard, and the cradle will rock until the baby grows up and pulls the plug out himself, if some one doesn't do it before that. Consequently, the prospects are that if the cradles of the world do go on swinging the hand that rocks them will be that of the electrician. In that case, maybe the hand that rocks the cradle will continue to be the one that rules the world, but there will scarcely be so much sentiment about it.—N. Y. Sun.

Pumpkin Custard.

Pare and cut into small blocks a pumpkin; steam until tender—about a half hour. Press while hot through a colander, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half teaspoonful of salt; mix and measure. To each pint allow a half pint of milk, three eggs, a tablespoonful of ginger, teaspoonful of cinnamon and four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Line pie dishes with good puff paste; fill in the mixture and bake a half hour.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boston Pudding.

One cupful sugar, two-thirds cupful butter or one-quarter pound suet minced, one cupful sweet milk, three cupfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls molasses, one cupful seeded raisins, a little salt. Boil four hours. One pint of milk can be used instead of one cupful, with bread crumbs soaked in it, and only one cupful flour. Serve with rich liquid sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME CURIOUS RECORDS.

One Was the Singing of Fifty-Nine Hymns in Fifty-Eight Minutes.

A unique record has lately been made at Bruges—not with the view of proving who should smoke the greatest quantity of tobacco in a given time, but the more economical one of finding out who could make four grammes of tobacco last the longest without allowing the pipe to be extinguished. The holder of the record contrived to keep his pipe alight for 67 minutes.

An American pugilist has lately made a record with the skipping rope. Whilst training with the rope he made 2,386 separate and distinct skips without stopping. Even if defeated in the ring, he can boast that he holds a record in the skipping world.

A German, aged 40, has made another curious record. He told a friend that he was going to make a record, and did so by swallowing 250 fruit stones. Having made his record, he experienced excruciating pain. While under treatment, on the first day of sojourn in the hospital the medical men succeeded in removing 200 stones.

A very curious record was made recently by the head carver in a cafe, situated in one of the boulevards of Paris. A visitor from Cuba offered a prize of 1,000 francs to the man who could make 2,000 complete sandwiches in 24 hours. The carver accomplished the extraordinary feat in 19 hours, four minutes, thereby establishing a record in sandwich cutting.

A record was made a few weeks ago in stealing, by a French lady. She is a middle-aged woman with a passion for smoking, which has caused her to make a record in stealing. She has succeeded in pilfering 2,600 pipes (all meerschaums), which were found in her lodgings.

An extraordinary record has lately been made by an adjutant of the Salvation Army. He has achieved the marvelous record of singing 59 hymns in 58 minutes. The occasion on which this record was made was called a "singing battle." He began with "I Will Follow Jesus," and hymn after hymn followed swiftly. When he reached the Doxology, after singing eight extra hymns, he was 2¼ minutes ahead of the stipulated time. When he finished he shouted: "Bless the Lord, I've broken the record."

A very curious record was that made by a Manchester servant girl. She had just completed, a few weeks ago, her sixth month in the service of her mistress, in the capacity of "general," and in that time she had succeeded in breaking 25 cups, 20 glasses, two washing basins, a complete dinner service and half another besides. One day as she was carrying away the dinner things she slipped, and the contents of the tray were smashed to atoms. A unique record, truly!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOATS AND HOGS.

The Animals Are Said to Thrive Well in Companionship on Texas Ranges.

When the Texas Swine Breeders' association next meets it is likely that a paper will be read setting forth the advantages to be derived from running goats in the hog range. It is being successfully practiced in McLennan, Bosque and other counties, the experimenters reporting unanimously in favor of associating the two widely differing quadrupeds within the same inclosure. It is said that billy goats protect hogs from wolves; that the hogs become affectionate with the goats and follow them around, thereby gaining exercise and thriving better on account of the companionship. There is one goat and hog rancher in central Texas who affirms that the musty exhalations from the goats supply an antidote for distempers afflicting both hogs and cattle.

The most experienced goat grower in this section is Dr. W. R. Clifton, who owns a flock of 1,000 or more half-breed Angoras crossed with natives, from which he derives profit by the sale of hair and of goat meat. Dr. Clifton operates a ranch and farm somewhat on the principle of a government experiment station. He is what Texans call pretty well fixed, that is to say, he is able to bear losses which occasionally befall him, and his neighbors get much benefit by observing his experiments. On the goat question he is no longer at the experimental stage. His goats, blooded cattle, horses, burros, white Holland turkeys and Indian game poultry roam the mesquites on a familiar footing and agree in perfect harmony, each contributing to the comfort and safety of all other species of animals.

Dr. Clifton finds the demand for goat flesh on the increase. Kids are wanted for table use far beyond the supply. Orders are here from distant points for kids for dinners, to be roasted whole and served on special occasions. The demand cannot be supplied from this region The meat dealers report demand for the flesh of adult goats, some housekeepers giving preference to goat's flesh over that of good mutton sheep.—Galveston (Tex.) News.

Smallest Soldier in France.

The smallest soldier in France is said to be Louis Bernadot, of Luret, who is only two feet four inches in height. He is a dwarf, with a slight mustache. When he presented himself to draw his number out of the conscription urn it was discovered that his head did not reach to the top of the table on which the urn was placed, so a gendarme held him up by the collar to enable him to put his hand in the urn.—N. Y. Herald.

The Best of Him.

Gotrox (proudly)—Count Legpulsky is going to pay my family a brief visit Don't you envy me?

Blueblood—I should say I do. He is going to pay us a protracted visit.—N. Y. Journal.

CANNIBALS OF PERU.

They Regard Man Flesh as a Dainty But They Will Not Eat Women.

By even the most excellently educated folk cannibalism is hardly reckoned among American defects of character, and yet there is no need for anyone who has the curiosity to cross the seas in order to gaze upon a human man eater. Down in darkest Peru, over an outlying eastern ridge of the Andes, toward the very unsettled boundary line of Brazil and Bolivia, a flourishing race of cannibalistic Indians can be found. They are so fierce and unapproachable, even for Indians, that during the several centuries that Peru has been known to the civilized world few missionaries or explorers have ever felt courage enough to guarantee anything like a close study of their eccentricities. It was an English woman and an enthusiastic traveler who recently brought home a photograph of one of the women of a cannibal tribe, and though full of eagerness to know more of these people she was persuaded to forego investigation. History in Peru, even as it runs back to the traditions of the earliest Incas, mentions no time when this race, commonly known as Chuncho, ever submitted to any intercourse or alliances with their more domesticated brethren.

The civilized Indians regard them with a horror that only cannibalism can inspire, and only at long intervals have the white residents of Peru seen or captured any of these remarkable savages. The fiercest of the Chunchos are the Antes and the Cascibos, who range the forests where the precious Peruvian bark is found and who fight each other in the hopes of securing prisoners for a cannibalistic orgie. But there is a queer code in their savage law. They make no effort to seize women for their feasts. The very degradation of the sex is in its way a preservation.

The male Ante or Cascibo regards a woman as an impure being. She is a necessary torment, but by no means a comfort, though she accepts her share of duty, and a cannibal brave would well-nigh perish of starvation before he would pollute his lips with female flesh. Not only is a woman thus despised, but her blood is feared as a poison, from the taste of which no man could recover. The cannibal women profess no such distaste for man's flesh, but are said to eat it with relish, while in their own turn they have evidently taken no active steps to convince the man against their ancient error and prejudice.

Saving the protection she receives from this strange superstition, the cannibal woman enjoys slight benefits as far as any explorers in eastern Peru have been able to find out. She cultivates the ground a little, looks after the children, and, curiously enough, in some of these tribes polygamy is forbidden. Whether this is due or not to feminine influence nobody has yet had the pluck or luck to find out.

When in seclusion of her forest home the cannibal woman wears a rough cloth garment, falling to the knees from the hips, beads and heavy necklaces that suspicion and some reliable evidence say are composed chiefly of polished bits of human bone, and on gala occasions ear and nose buttons, with plentiful bedaubing of paint, make up the toilet. There is no effort at coiffure, and over the upper lip, under the eyes and across the cheeks and chin the paint is laid on.

In certain arts these fierce women are eminently skilled. They prepare the poisons for tipping the arrow used by the men in war and for smearing the heavy clubs employed in the business of finishing off an enemy when brought to his knees. Among the civilized Indians the belief is that so virulent are these poisons that where they touch the broken skin the wounded person dies within a few moments. So far as investigation has been pursued the cannibal Indians have always recognized the properties of the cascarilla bark. The women in case of fever use an infusion of it drawn from the green bark, which is after all regarded as more promptly efficacious than the white quinine powder that civilized chemistry extracts from the same source.—St. Louis Republic.

A Record on Starfish.

The steamer Cleo, of New Haven, Capt. Haskins, has this season broken the record in capturing starfish from oyster beds. The steamer in the past eight weeks has taken up over 5,000 bushels of starfish from the vicinity of the Mansfield beds at Bayside. The oyster planters have recently adopted the plan of leaving the margin between the channel and the oysters and also between the beds, which enables the steamers to dredge along the edge of the channel and between the oyster beds and capture the starfish before they get on the beds. The enormous catch of the Cleo, which has averaged 100 bushels per day, is carried daily to Warren, where it is mainly given to the farmers, who carry the fish away for fertilizing purposes. The starfish are not more plentiful than during former seasons, but the system of dredging along the margins of the beds has been productive of larger captures of the pests, and may in time practically exterminate them on sections occupied by oysters.—N. Y. Sun.

Wouldn't Eat His Own Kind.

She—If you had to take your choice, which would you rather do, eat donkey meat in Havana or dog meat in the Klondike?

He—Oh, I think I'd go to the dogs.

"There, I told Maud Ripley she was wrong when she said you had all the characteristics of a cannibal."—Chicago Evening News.

Cruel.

He—I never discuss matters upon which I am not fully informed.

She—What do you ever talk about besides cigarettes?—Chicago Evening News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Nearly one-fifth of the students at Swiss universities are women.

It is estimated that there are 100,000 medical students in the United States.

There are 112 institutions of learning in the United States conducted by the Lutheran church.

The Methodist Episcopal church raised $153,203.54 more for missions during 1898 than the year before.

A Gospel ship is to be built at Jeffersonville, Ind., which will be employed along the coast of Cuba and Porto Rico.

The Disciples stand third in denominational rank in Christian Endeavor societies in America, with the Presbyterians in the lead and the Congregationalists second.

It is stated that in Great Britain there is one Christian minister to every 900 of the population. In Japan one in every 114,000, in India one in every 165,080, in Africa one in every 222,000, in the Chinese empire one in every 437,000.

The weights of classes of students before and after examination have been made the subject of recent investigation. In high classes, where naturally the responsibility of the examination to be gone through with was most felt, several pounds were lost, showing how the mental strain was felt. In lower classes the loss was not so great.

A new scholarship has just been conferred on the scientific school of Harvard university by a gift of $10,000 from J. R. Jennings, of the class of '77, now a mining engineer in the gold district of South Africa. The interest of this sum is to be given to a student of engineering and the first award has been made to J. S. Sanborn, '99.

Samuel Russell conducts a workingmen's Bible class every Sunday afternoon at the Ruggles Street Baptist church, in Boston. The membership of the class is nearly 300, and has been in existence two years. Thursday evening of each week a temperance meeting is conducted under the auspices of the class, which is always well attended and full of enthusiasm.

A LADDER FROM THE CLOUDS.

Such Will Be the Appearance of the Eiffel Tower of Paris When Painted.

The Eiffel tower, say the gentlemen of esthetic temperament, must go. The Eiffel tower, say the gentlemen who know the law, must stay for some years yet. The Eiffel tower, say the esthetes, is ugly, discouraging to the eye and an all-round nightmare. "Scaffold!" cries the carper. "Down with it! It has no place in esthetic Paris."

"Impossible!" objects the law. "When the company took a lease of it they got it for a term of 20 years. You can't break the lease, and the time is nowhere up."

"But," urges the esthete, "look at the shape, look at the size, look at the color! Is not the whole thing hideous? If we can't destroy it we can at least improve it and lessen the offense to our senses."

And so the Eiffel tower is going to be metamorphosed. It has been in color a reddish brown, and it is the color to which the gentlemen with the fine ideas have long objected. They have called the tower a shameless creation and repeatedly ridiculed the commonplace tone of hue. And now they have prevailed, and the tower is going to be a thing of beauty, so far as that goes. Silver white is the color agreed upon, and it is urged that when the army of workmen have finished their painting the huge structure will look really not so bad after all. Half a hundred men will be employed on the building, working hard every day for two months. And 50,000 kilogrammes of paint will be used up before the Eiffel tower has finally lost its brickdust coat and finds itself arrayed in the poetic covering which the esthetes have advised. Two coats of paint will be applied and the brushes will be busy.

It has been objected that the tower has always had the appearance of having been cast up in inartistic form by a careless earth. The tower has seemed to rise awkwardly from the ground, the critical have said. Why not give it such an arrangement as would suggest the idea of dropping from the clouds? That would be a pleasing fancy, and if the huge tower were lighted at regular intervals it would present a picture as of a brilliant creature of the clouds, and all the world would be lost in admiration. These plans were suggested when the exposition of 1900 were under discussion, and they have been adopted. A ladder from the clouds. That was the idea. And with that the esthetic taste was forced to be satisfied.

The Eiffel tower has long been the universal bed lamp of Paris. The great candlein the top would be sadly missed, even by those who have fought against the continuance of the structure. That ever-swaying lantern is one of the wonders of the French capital.—N. Y. Herald.

Kicked All Around.

A correspondence is being published in the Times on the subject of "French Feeling Toward Englishmen." A Mr. Jackson has written to that paper to repeat that at Caen recently a student went out of his way to publicly insult Great Britain. As a boy I was first for some years at school in Paris. I was then kicked for being an Englishman; later I was transferred to a school in England, where I was kicked for being a Frenchman. Comment is unnecessary.—London Truth.

His Only Recourse.

"What makes Mr. Bliggings so inveterate a gossip?"

"Well," said the man who always talks slowly, "you see, there are only two things to talk about, after all; one is general information and the other is private intelligence. And Bliggings thinks he knows all the general information there is."—Washington Star.